VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. XII.

HANOVER, JAN. 5, 1804.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

I HAVE not yet done with the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva. Having dipped into this elegant Poem, I am not willing to leave it, until I have taken a glance at all its principal beauties. Thou wilt remember, that we left Radha about to bewail the delay of Chrishna. Among other pathetic sentiments, she utters the following;

"The appointed moment is come; but Heri, alas! comes not to the grove. The coolness of this vernal night gives me pain instead of refreshment. Some happier damsel enjoys my beloved; whilst I, alas! am looking at the gems of my bracelets, which are blackened by the flames of my passion."

Seeing her damsel return without Chrishna, her jealousy rises to phrenzy; and the poet makes her behold, in imagination, her lover in the arms of a rival.

"Yes, in habiliments becoming the war of love, and with tresses, waving like flowery banners, a damsel, more alluring than Radha, enjoys the conqueror of Madhu. Her form is transfigured by the touch of her divine lover. Her garland quivers over her swelling bosom. Her face, like the moon, is graced with clouds of dark hair, and trembles while she quaffs the nectareous dew of his lips; she floats on the waves of desire; and closes her eyes, dazzled with the blaze of approaching Cama. See how he kisses the lip of my rival, and imprints on her forehead an ornament of pure musk, black as the young antelope on the lunar orb! Now, like the husband of Reti, he fixes white blossoms on her dark locks, where they gleam like flashes of lightning among the curled clouds. On her breasts, like two firmaments, he places a string of gems, like a radiant constellation. Mark, how my soul, attracted by his irresistible charms, bursts from its mortal frame, and rushes to mix with its beloved."

"Pierced by the arrows of love, she passed the night in the agonies of despair; and at early dawn thus rebuked her lover, whom she saw laying prostrate before her, and imploring her forgiveness.

"Alas! alas! go Madhava; depart, O Cesavi; speak not the language of guile; follow her, O lotos-eyed God, follow her, who dispels thy care.'

Having thus inveighed against her beloved, she sat, overwhelmed in grief, and silently meditated on his charms; when the damsel softly addressed her;

"He is gone. The light air has wafted him away. Continue not, resentful woman, thy indignation against the beautiful Madhava. Why shouldest thou render vain those round smooth vases, ample and ripe as the fruit of yon Tala tree? How often have I said, forsake not the blooming Heri!"

Chrishna, after a short absence, returns, and by his eloquence, his fervor and praise, entirely appeases the anger of Radha. Among other impassioned sentiments, he says:

"Thy lips are a Bandhujiva flower; the lustre of the Madhuca beams on thy cheek; thine eyes out-shine the blue Lotos; thy nose is a bud of the Tila; the Cunda blossom yields to thy teeth: Thus the flower-shafted God, borrows from thee the points of his darts, and subdues the universe. Surely thou descendedst from Heaven, O slender damsel, attended by a company of youthful goddesses; and all their beauties are collected in thee.'

"He spake; and seeing her appeased by his homage, flew to his bower, clad in a gay mantle. The night now veiled all visible objects; and the damsel thus exhorted Radha, while she decked her with beaming ornaments.

"Follow, gentle Radhica, follow the foe of Madhu. His discourse was elegantly composed of soft phrases; he prostrated himself at thy feet; and he now hastens to his delightful couch, by yon grove of branching Vanjulas. The night now dresses in habiliments fit for secrecy, the many damsels, who hasten to their places of assignation; she sets off with blackness their beautiful eyes; fixes dark Tamala leaves behind their ears; decks their locks with the deep azure of water-lilies, and sprinkles musk on their panting bosoms. The nocturnal sky, black as the touchstone, tries now the gold of their affection, and is marked with rich lines from the flashes of their beauty, in which they surpass the brightest Cashmirians."

"Radha, thus incited, tripped through the forest; but shame overpowered her, when by the light of innumerable gems, on the arms, the feet, and the neck of her beloved, she saw him at the door of his flowery mansion. Then her damsel again addressed her with ardent exultation:

"Enter, sweet Radha, the bower of Heri: Seek delight, O thou, whose bosom laughs with the foretaste of happiness. Enter, sweet Radha, the bower, graced with a bed of Afoca-leaves: Seek delight, O thou, whose garland leaps with joy upon thy breast. Enter, sweet Radha, the bower illumined with gay blossoms: Seek delight, O thou, whose limbs far excel them in softness. Enter, O Radha, the bower made cool and fragrant, by gales from the woods of Malaya: Seek delight, O thou, whose amorous lays are softer than breezes. Enter, O Radha, the bower spread with leaves of twining creepers: Seek delight, O thou, whose arms have been long inflexible. Enter, O, Radha, the bower which resounds with the murmur of honey-making bees: Seek delight, O thou, whose embrace yields more exquisite sweetness."

"She ended; and Radha, with timid joy, darting her eyes on Govinda, while she musically sounded the rings of her ankles, and the bells of her zone, entered the mystic bower of her only beloved.—There she beheld her Madhava, who delighted in her alone; who so long had sighed for her embrace; and whose eyes then gleamed with excessive rapture. His heart was agitated by her sight, as the waves of the deep are affected by the lunar orb. His azure breast glittered with pearls of unblemished lustre, like the full bed of the Cerculean Yamuna, interspersed with curls of white foam. From his graceful waist, flowed a pale yellow robe, which resembled the golden dust of the water-lily, scattered over its blue petals. His passion was inflamed by the glances of her eyes, which played like a pair of water-birds, with azure plumage, that sport near a full-blown Lotos, on a pool, in the season of dew. Bright ear-rings, like two suns, displayed, in full expansion, the flowers of his cheeks and lips, which glittened with the liquid radiance of smiles. His locks, interwoven with blossoms, were like a cloud variegated with moon-beams; and on his forehead, shone a circle of odorous oil, extracted from the sandal of Malaya, like the moon just appearing on the dusky horizon; while his body seemed in a flame, from the blaze of unnumbered gems.—Tears of transport gushed in a stream, from the eyes of Radha, and their watry glances beamed on her best beloved. Even shame, which before had taken its abode in their dark pupils, was itself ashamed, and departed, when the fawn-eyed Radha, gazed on the brightened face of Chrishna, while she passed by the soft edge of his couch, and the bevy of his attendant nymphs, pretending to strike the gnats from their cheeks, in order to conceal their smiles, warily retired from his bower."

"Govinda, seeing his beloved cheerful and serene, her lips sparkling with smiles, and her eye speaking desire, thus eagerly addressed her, while she carelessly reclined on the leafy bed, strewn with soft blossoms.

"Set the lotos of thy foot on this azure bosom; and let this couch be victorious over all, who rebel against love. Speak, but one gentle word; bid nectar drop from the bright moon of thy mouth. O! suffer me to quaff the liquid bliss of those lips; restore with their water of life thy slave, who has long been lifeless; whom the fire of separation has consumed. O! let affliction cease; and let ecstacy drown the remembrance of past sorrow."

"In the morning she rose, disarrayed; and her eyes betrayed a night without slumber; when the yellow robed god, who gazed on her with transport, thus meditated on her charms in his heavenly mind."

"Though her locks be diffused at random, tho' the lustre of her lips be faded, though her garland and zone be fallen from their enchanting stations, and though she hide their places with her hands, looking toward me with bashful silence; yet, even thus disarranged, she fills me with extatic delight."

"But Radha, preparing to array herself, before the company of nymphs could see her confusion, spake thus with exultation to her obsequious lover.

"Peace, O son of Yadhu, with fingers cooler, than sandal wood, place a circlet of musk on this breast. Place, my darling, the glossy powders which would make the blackest bee envious, on this eye, whose glances are keener than arrows, darted by the husband of Reti.—Now replace, O tender hearted, the loose ornaments of my vesture; and refix the golden bells of my girdle on their destined station, which resembles those hills, where the God with five shafts, who destroyed Sambar, keeps his elephant ready for battle." "While she spake, the heart of Yadhava triumphed; and, obeying her sportful behests, he placed musky spots on her bosom and forehead, dyed her temples with radiant hues, embellished her eyes with additional blackness, decked her braided hair and her neck with fresh garlands; and tied on her wrists the loosened bracelets, on her ankles the beamy rings, and around her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."

"Whatever is delightful in the modes of music, whatever is divine in meditations on Vishnu, whatever is exquisite in the sweet art of love, whatever is graceful in the fine strains of poetry; all that, let the happy and the wise learn from the songs of Jayadeva, whose soul is united with the foot of Narayan."

Thus, my dear friend, thou hast before thee some of the most striking beauties of Solomon's Song, and of the Gitagovinda. The latter is decked with all the exquisite beauty, and dazzling splendor of Indian painting; written in a country, where scenes of beauty are more vivid and luxuriant than in any other; and wrought up by the finest efforts of Hindu imagination. But it is not surprising, that its beauties should now and then become too intense, for the taste of a more northern clime. But it must always command the admiration of every lover of nature; whether he drew his first breath on the banks of the Ganges, or the Hudson. It must be confessed, that the beauties of the Song of Solomon, if they are not equally glowing, are more chaste, both in morals and taste, than those of the latter.

That the great Brumma, by the delicious strains of poetry, contained in the Gitagovinda, may allure our minds to a contemplation of "the reciprocal attraction between the Divine Goodness and the Human Soul," is the ardent wish of thy most faithful friend.

SHAHCOOLEN.

ADVICE.

"I HAVE long wished, my dear daughter, for this opportunity of freely conversing with you on subjects of the utmost consequence to you.—Your youth, the world into which you are going, the snares which it lays, and the few days which I have yet to live, all induce me to open my heart to you, and to give you some instructions relative to your dangerous situation.

"If you could possibly entertain a doubt of my affection; the effort I am now making, when my soul is bowed down with sickness and sorrow, and sees nothing before it but the horrors of the grave, must needs convince you how earnestly I wish to secure your happiness. My wishes will never be realized, but while you are careful to lay down proper rules for your conduct, and suffer nothing afterwards to tempt you to break through them.

"If you are so unhappy as to give yourself up to the distraction of the world, you will no longer be able to maintain the dominion over your own heart: you will live an utter stranger to yourself; and there will not be a single day, which you will know how to dispose of in a proper manner. The world is never to be satisfied; the more we bestow upon it, the more unreasonable are its demands.

"Your sex requires the utmost circumspection; what among *men* is reputed a venial fault, is an absolute crime with us. There are a thousand things said and done in their company, which a woman ought neither to hear nor see. I would wish that a young woman should be silent and modest; and the world, dissipated as it is, expects the same. Its judgment of us is very severe; and it often fixes our character for life.

"If you are over-solicitous to please others, you will run into a ridiculous affectation: you must make yourself agreeable to every one you converse with, without letting them see that you are thinking about it. Nothing pleases which is not natural. A woman, who sets herself to draw the attention and admiration of all upon her, will soon become an arrant coquette, if she is not one already.

"It is only a natural and virtuous behaviour, which will secure to you esteem and approbation: if this should not succeed, so much the worse for those you meet with. Whatever happens, this truth is indisputable; that one of the brightest ornaments of the sex is modesty: and that a young lady can never appear to greater advantage, than when she is utterly divested of affectation in her behaviour.

"Do not confound the ideas of modesty and timidity; the one pleases, the other distresses; we cannot avoid being hurt, when we see a young person confused and disconcerted. There is such a thing as an ingenuous confidence, which should make you not unwilling to speak, when the subject requires it; and to sing or dance, when a proper opportunity presents itself. If you are not vain, you will not be timorous to a fault.

"I shall be very sorry for you, if ever vanity takes possession of your heart; for then, instead of being agreeable and communicative, you will be always unhappy in yourself, and your boldness will only serve to make you ridiculous to others. A disdainful carriage is that of a person of mean talents, and a bad heart; people of quality are less apt to assume it, than those of an inferior rank. We seldom endeavor to set ourselves off by pride, but when we have no other means of distinguishing ourselves; this is a ridiculous affectation, which the world always laughs at, but never forgives: the more humiliating our behaviour is to others, the more pleasure do they take in letting us down.

"Affability will supply the want of those qualities, which you do not possess: it is the best apology that I know for little imperfections.—Great allowances are always made for one who has no pride or pretensions to superior merit: but self-love naturally raises in us an opposition to arrogance and presumption. Many women have become the subjects of satire, only by their haughty behaviour. Your figure is not without its share of elegance; and the handsomer a lady is, the more ready people are to suspect that she is vain.

"The education I have hitherto given you, convinces me, that the toilette will not engage your chief attention; you ought to spend as much time at it, as is necessary for your decent appearance in company. We must not fly within the face of fashion, or make ourselves remarkable by our singularity: but there are certain trifles in dress, which we ought to despise. Those, which make a woman a slave to her dress, are fit only for such weak minds, as the present age, with all its attachment to trifles, hath not yet learnt to esteem."

"WHAT could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs; a coat, one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. This dress was the very top of the mode in the reign of Edward the Third.

"The dress of the gay and fashionable ladies, who frequented the public diversions of these times, was not more decent or becoming. It is thus described by Knyghton, A. D. 1348—"These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. These ladies are dressed in party-coloured tunics, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another; their tirripipes or tippets are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver, and they wear short swords, called *daggers*, before them, a little below their breast; they are mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and ruin their reputations."—The head-dresses of the ladies underwent many changes in the course of this period. They were sometimes enormously high, rising almost three feet above the head, in the shape of sugar-loaves, with streamers of fine silk flowing from the top of them to the ground. Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, that we have no good reason to pay any compliments to our ancestors of this period, at the expence of our contemporaries, either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dress."

[*Mr.* KRATE, *in his* "*Sketches from Nature*," *gives the following pleasant description of the various characters and complexions of readers, in a chapter entitled*, "*The Reader's Looking-Glass.*"]

The Superficial Reader,	The Peevish Reader,
The Idle Reader,	The Candid Reader,
The Sleepy Reader,	The conjectural Reader

"I may possibly not escape censure for having omitted the *Learned* reader, to whom so many prefaces and dedications have formerly been addressed,—but this was in the times when learning was possessed by few.—In this age, so enriched by the inundations of the press, every author is to presume that all his readers are learned,—no one being willing to dispute a title which may call in question the validity of his own.

"The *Superficial* reader is one who finds not leisure, or inclination, for more literature than he can take in over a loitering breakfast, or whilst his hair dresser is adjusting his person. He contents himself with extracts from *newspapers*, *magazines*, and *reviews*—skims over *title pages* and *indexes*, and adding to them the smuggled opinions of those who look deeper into books, passes at routs and tea-tables for a well-read gentleman.

"The *Idle* reader is the reverse of the former. He is a great peruser of little volumes, but reads without method, or pursuit, not making *knowledge*, but *amusement*, his object.

"—He is in one sense of the happiest class, for he is in no danger of reading himself out; so many persons being daily employed to perpetuate his pleasures, by seducing *novels*; little histories, which familiarize *the arts of intriguing*: Memoirs of *Prostitutes*: Anecdotes of *Women of Quality*: and Lives of *Highwaymen*.

"The *Sleepy* Reader is ever a man of a dull languid temperament, both of body and mind. He takes up a book when he can do nothing else, and pores over it, till it drops from his hand; or if by repeated attacks he fairly arrives at the *Finis* of a volume, he has waded through it so between sleeping and waking, that it is often a doubt with himself whether he has read it at all.

"No *works of genius* are ever seen on his shelves, they are of too *stimulating* a nature, and would defeat his purpose; but a plenty of *soporific* treatises, under the varied titles of *Journals*, *Annotations*, Books of *Controversy*, and *Metaphysical Dissertations*.

"An old relation of mine, who died a martyr to the gout, used, as he sat in his study, to estimate his books not from the *pleasure*, but from the *good naps* they had afforded him. 'This, cousin,' said he, (pointing round the room with his crutch) —this is a *composer*—this a *dozer*—every twenty pages of this excellent author is as comfortable as a glass of *poppy water*. I believe I was near three months *sleeping* through yonder large volume; and to this worthy little gentleman on the middle shelf, I was indebted for two admirable *nights rest*, when a chalk-stone was forming in my toe. But my most valuable friend is this set of books by the side of my couch. I call them my *grand opiate*, and as a mark of distinction, my flannel night-cap generally lies upon them.

"Now I am well aware that when these *Sketches from Nature* shall appear, half my readers will be on the tiptoe of curiosity to know how the last mentioned books were *lettered*; but as I have not I hope a spice of ill-nature in my composition, I publicly declare the secret shall die with me.

"The *Peevish* reader is made up of *conceit* and *ill-humour*. He cavils with the *design*, the *colouring*, or the *finishing*, of every piece that comes before him. Few have sufficient merit to *extort* his approbation—he had rather even be silent, than commend, and finds his highest satisfaction in discovering faults.

"A man of this cast is an object of compassion; for in the imperfect state of human labours, he must pass his time very miserably!——

"—But let us leave him to the severe destiny of *never being pleased*: To counterpoise his spleen, behold the *Candid* reader appears. Amiable spirit! in thee I contemplate the gentleman—the scholar, the true critic, slow to censure, eager to applaud! convinced by what arduous steps superior excellence is attained, thy liberal mind cherisheth every effort of genius, and unwillingly condemns what thy correct judgment cannot approve.

"But *Candid* reader! thy character hath been more happily delineated by a long-admired writer

—in quoting whose lines I cannot refift this occafion to fay, that they are as ftrongly defcriptive of the amiablenefs of his own.

—"Yes; they whom candor and true tafte inſpire,
" Blame not with half the paſſion they admire;
" Each little blemiſh with regret deſery,
" But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye."

"The *Conjectural* reader brings up the rear: in ſpeaking of whom I deſire to be underſtood as confining my remarks ſolely to *conjectural* criticiſm. He is, or ſhould be, a man of parts, who exerciſes his ingennity on deceaſed writers, by clearing up paſſages he ſuppoſes they left obſcure, and interpreting them by his own conceptions—diſcovering beauties where the author perhaps intend none, and tracing out meanings he might never have in view.

"Rodolphus Gander Guytche, the famous profeſſor at the Univerſity of Hall, in his preface to the three ſupplemental volumes of his Commentaries, printed in folio at Leipſic, mentions that it was his conſtant cuſtom, while engaged in that elaborate work, to ruminate on his ſubject in his *great chair*, till he inſenſibly fell aſleep: "During which time, (ſays he) I always found that my thoughts digeſted themſelves into matter and method, and on awaking, I was able the more ſucceſsfully to proſecute my labours."

"I wiſh the example of this valuable critic may not have too much influenced ſucceeding commentators; ſome of whom adopting the profeſſor's *napping chair*, without poſſeſſing his art of riſing from it with a clear head, have not always ſufficiently ſeparated their *dream* from their *ſubject*."

For the LITERARY TABLET.

TO eulogiſe the achievements of the great and illuſtrious has ever been an employment of the orator and hiſtorian. Characters, who have effected important revolutions in the political world, have attracted the attention and applauſe of mankind, while virtue has been eſteemed a more humble ſtation, and the memory of thoſe who have laboured in its cauſe has been conſigned to oblivion. Thus the hero, who has waded through oceans of blood to conqueſt, has had his character painted in unfading colours, and his actions extoled to the ſkies, while the name of the virtuous, the man of true merit, is ſcarcely regiſtered in the annals of his country. Mankind are thus naturally too prone to judge of men by the ſplendor, and not by the merit of their actions. Alexander once interrogated a pirate why he infeſted the ſeas? The pirate replied, "I am called a robber becauſe I have one ſmall veſſel, but you are termed a hero becauſe you infeſt and deſtroy nations."—"There is," ſays Longinus, "a principle implanted in the human breaſt by nature, which makes us admire actions great and important."—We hence read with rapture the hiſtory of Alexander, and with admiration follow him through all his debaucheries and deſtructive campaigns, while actions far leſs pernicious to mankind are ſtyled degrading and ignominious.

As individuals on principles of honor, ſo nations for the low conſiderations of commercial intereſts, the balance of rival powers, or the ambition of princes, animated with ſavage revenge, deſtroy each other with fire and ſword, and plunge with feeble arms the dagger into the hearts of their opponents. And theſe barbariſms we hear celebrated by hiſtorians, applauded in theatres, and even ſanctified in the ſacred deſk. But, ſays a learned author, "Univerſal practice cannot alter the nature of things, nor univerſal error change the nature of truth."—"How much more exalted a character is a Chriſtian martyr, ſuffering with reſignation, and praying for the guilty, than that of a Pagan hero, breathing revenge, and deſtroying the innocent!"

This ſame principles, mentioned by Longinus, prompts men to the performance of memorable actions, and creates a univerſal thirſt for fame.

Pleaſed with the ſounding of a name,

they glory in tranſacting ſomething, which ſhall tranſmit their memories to poſterity. It was this which actuated the incendiary in conſuming the temple of Diana; and what but this prompted Alexander to ſubjugate and enſlave the world?

The folly and vanity of this ambition is beautifully expreſſed in the following lines of Pope.

" Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels."

Y.

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MERCY RECOMMENDED.

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage,—where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him: my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:——Go,—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, liſting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world, ſurely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me. *Sterne.*

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The Princeſs Margaret of Savoy, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, who governed the Low Countries for ſome time, was not only the protectreſs of learning in her own time, but diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her own genius—In her tender years ſhe was betrothed to Charles VIII. King of France; but that Prince having forſaken her for Anne of Bretagne, ſhe was next to be betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low-Countries to Spain, a ſudden tempeſt ariſing, the ſhip in which ſhe ſailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princeſs compoſed the following epitaph for herſelf, in the old French of that time.

" Under this tomb is high-born Marg'ret laid,
" Who had two huſbands and yet died a maid."

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LE SAC, a famous French dancing maſter, in the reign of queen Anne, in great admiration aſked a friend, whether it were true that Mr. Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, was made an earl and lord treaſurer? And finding it confirmed, ſaid, "Well, I wonder what the devil the queen could ſee in him? for I attended him two years and he was the greateſt dunce that ever I taught."

A FELLOW who had been engaged to prove an alibi on a late trial, after declaring roundly that the priſoner was in his houſe at the ſame time the robbery was committed, was aſked by the counſellor for the proſecutor, whether he had not heard that the priſoner had confeſſed his guilt? *Yes*, ſaid he gravely, *but he was always a d....d lying dog.*

THE empreſs of Germany, aſked a French officer, if the princeſs royal of France was, as the world reported her, the moſt beautiful princeſs in Europe? I thought her ſo yeſterday, anſwered the polite Frenchman.

In a poem entitled "Tears of Affection," the writer while regretting the loſs of an amiable ſiſter thus ſpeaks of their rural amuſements.

WITH thee have I delighted ſtill to rove
At morn, at eve, in twilight and at noon,
Long as ſweet ſummer laſted. Chiefly then
When tufts of primroſe ſmil'd upon the bank,
Gracing the verge of ſome tranſlucent ſtream
Or glaſſy lake, whoſe mirror their ſoft flow'rs
Reflected ſofter to the loit'rer's eye.
Or when the ſtrawberry with ruddy cheek
Provok'd the finger to be plucking ſtill,
When fragrant honey-ſuckle his ſweet flow'r
Along the hedge-row ſcatter'd, and the breeze
Of ev'ning freely his perfume diſpens'd;
When bloſſom'd clover, or the martial bean,
The hay-rick newly built, or bitter hop
Emitting from the oaſt a grateful ſteam,
Fill'd all the vale with odors. Arm in arm
Have we the dews of ev'ning often met,
And the pale ray of the September moon,
What time aſcending with diſcoloured cheek
She peer'd above the cloud or highland wood,
And ſilently improving as ſhe roſe
Hung o'er the faded landſcape full of light;
A glorious lamp to cheer a boundleſs hall
Floating acroſs the living dome of Heav'n
Suſpended upon nothing.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR.

By ANONYMOUS.

They, who content on earth do ſtay,
To earth their views confine;
With rapture, *Miller*, will ſurvey
This Paradiſe of thine!

I, too, my willing voice would raiſe,
And equal rapture ſhow;
But that the ſcenes which others praiſe,
For me are much *too low*.

I grant the hills are crown'd with trees,
I grant the fields are fair;
But, after all, one nothing ſees
But what is *really there*.

True taſte ideal proſpects feigns,
Whilſt on poetic wings;
'Bove earth, and all that earth contains
Unbounded fancy ſprings.

To dwell on earth, groſs element,
Let groveling ſpirits bear;
But I, on nobler plans intent,
Build Caſtles in the Air.

No neighbour there can diſagree,
Or thwart what I deſign;
For there, not only all I ſee,
But all I wiſh, is mine.

No ſurly Landlord's leave I want,
To make, or pull down fences;
I build, I furniſh, drain, and plant,
Regardleſs of expences.

One thing, 'tis true, excites my fear,
Nor let it ſeem ſurpriſing;
Whilſt Miniſters, from year to year,
New taxes are deviſing;

Leſt, Earth being tax'd, as ſoon it may,
Beyond what Earth can bear;
Our Financier a tax ſhould lay
On Caſtles in the Air.

Well with the end the means would ſuit,
Would he, in theſe our days,
Ideal plans to execute,
Ideal taxes raiſe.

::::::

☞ To render the ſenſe complete in the piece ſigned ANON. in the laſt page, another ſtanza ſhould have been inſerted after the ſixth; or rather that ſhould have been omitted, which was the original intention.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

Tranſlated from Horace.

'TWAS night, and the moon ſhone refulgent on high
'Mong ſtars, ſet like gems, in the concave above;
When, gently reclining, you heav'd a fond ſigh,
And languiſhing, ſwore, you'd be conſtant in love.

Till, wolves, now, ferocious their natures forego,
Till, Orion ceaſes to laſh the broad ſea,
Till, ſoft, ſoothing zephyrus ceaſes to blow,
You vow'd to be faithful and conſtant to me.

Fair nymph, ſince inconſtant, and faithleſs you prove,
Tho' once I ador'd you, no longer I'll mourn;
But, ſeek for a fair one, more worthy of love,
Where, fondneſs ſhall meet with a gentle return.

Tho' ſorrow unfeigned recall you to love;
My firmneſs, Neœre, ſhall never relent:
For, your fatal beauty, no longer, can move
Tho' ſoften'd in tears you ſincerely repent.

But, he, on whom, fortune beſtows this fair boon,
Exalted by favour, exulting in ſtate,
Shall find her inconſtant, and wanton full ſoon,
His love unrewarded, alas! when too late.

X.

The elegant W. HAYLEY, *Eſq. thus writes of the immortal bard of Mantua.*

"Hail, thou rich Column, on whoſe high-wrought frame
The Roman Muſe ſupports her Epic fame!
Hail, great Magician, whoſe illuſive charms
Gave pleaſing luſtre to a Tyrant's arms,
To Jove's pure ſceptre turn'd his iron rod,
And made the Homicide a Guardian God!
Hail, wond'rous Bard, to Glory's temple led
Thro' paths that Genius rarely deigns to tread;
For Imitation, ſhe whoſe ſyren ſong
Betrays the ſkillful and unnerves the ſtrong,
Preſerving thee on her perfidious ſhore,
Where many a Poet had been wreck'd before,
Led thee to heights that charm the aſtoniſh'd eye,
And with Invention's heaven in ſplendor vie.
As Rome herſelf, by long unwearied toil,
Glean'd the fair produce of each foreign ſoil;
From all her wide Dominion's various parts
Borrow'd their laws, their uſages, their arts;
Imported knowledge from each adverſe zone,
And made the wiſdom of the world her own:
Thy patient ſpirit thus, from every Bard
Whoſe mental riches won thy juſt regard,
Drew various treaſure; which thy ſkill refin'd,
And in the fabric of thy Verſe combin'd.
It was thy glory, as thy fond deſire,
To echo the ſweet notes of HOMER's lyre;
But with an art thy hand alone can reach,
An art that has endear'd the ſtrain of each.
So the young Nymph, whoſe tender arms embrace
An elder Siſter of enchanting grace,
Though form'd herſelf with every power to pleaſe,
By genuine character and native eaſe,
Yet fondly copies from her favourite Fair
Her mein, her motion, her attractive air,
Her robe's nice ſhape, her riband's pleaſing hue,
And every ornament that ſtrikes the view;
But ſhe diſplays, by imitative art,
So quick a ſpirit, and ſo ſoft a heart,
The graceful mimic while our eyes adore,
We think the model cannot charm us more:
Tho' ſeen together, each more lovely ſhews,
And by compariſon their beauty grows."

——— *RACES.*

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,
But firſt prepare yourſelf for raptures;
To paint this charming, heavenly fair,
And paint her well, would aſk whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
With lovely ſhapes, and angel faces,
But I have ſeen them all out done
By this ſweet Maid, at ——— Races.

Lords, Commoners, alike ſhe ruler,
Takes all who view her by ſurpriſe,
Makes e'en the wiſeſt look like fools,
Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wiſe.

Her ſhape—'tis elegance and eaſe,
Unſpoil'd by art, or modern dreſs,
But gently tapering by degrees,
And finely, "beautifully leſs."

Her foot—it was ſo wonderous ſmall,
So thin, ſo round, ſo ſlim, ſo neat,
The buckle fairly bid it all,
And ſeem'd to ſink it with the weight.

And juſt above the ſpangled ſhoe,
Where many an eye did often glance,
Sweetly retiring from the view,
And ſeen by ſtealth, and ſeen by chance;

And then ſhe dances—better far
Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
Not Heinel, Banti, or Goimar,
E'er mov'd ſo graceful *, and ſo well.

So eaſy glide her beauteous limbs,
Time as the echo to the ſound,
She ſeems, as through the dance ſhe ſkims,
To tread on air and ſcorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inſpire
The clay-cold breaſt of Apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips
Has ſpread his choiceſt, ſweeteſt roſes,
And there his heavenly nectar ſips,
And there in breathing ſweets repoſes.

And there's ſuch muſic when ſhe ſpeaks,
You may believe me, when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her, than the ſqueaks
Or far-fam'd ſqualls of Gabrielli.

And ſparkling wit, and ſteady ſenſe,
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the ſoft bluſh of modeſty.

Had I the treaſures of the world,
All the ſun views, or the ſeas borrow,
(Elſe may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to ſound her praiſe,
And hammer them into a Sonnet.

And if ſhe deign one charming ſmile,
The bleſt reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
But pity the dull 'Squires, my neighbours.

ARON.

* Grammatice *gracefully.*

EPIGRAM.

TO lovely WOMAN—fair, but chatt'ring race,
Nature, with reaſon, gave a beardleſs face;
"For as," ſaid ſhe, "their tongues they never ſave,
What cutting will they ſuffer—if they ſhave!"

POWER OF LOVE.

WHEN FRANCIS I. was made a priſoner at Pavia, a gentleman named Beauregard, was one of thoſe who were obliged to ſave themſelves by flight: he did not wiſh to return to France during the period of humiliating depreſſion, which he experienced on that occaſion, but ſtopped at Turin. There he ſoon became enamoured of a beautiful widow, called Aurelia. Beauregard was an accompliſhed gentleman; he had a vigorous mind, and a ſound underſtanding; he was young, and had a figure and addreſs univerſally attractive. Aurelia, on her part, was equally engaging: ſhe was one of thoſe ſtriking beauties, beſide whom others diſappear. Beauregard became deſperately in love with her. Aurelia would not liſten to his ſuit. She reproached him with being a Frenchman, whoſe volatility and indiſcretion were notorious, to a proverb. Beauregard aſſured her that he was exempt from thoſe failings, and that he was capable of making the greateſt efforts, to prove the ſincerity of his love. Well, then, ſaid Aurelia, I deſire that you ſhall remain mute for one year. Beauregard ſpoke to her from that moment only by ſigns; and he only explained himſelf by ſigns to his ſervants. All the world believed he had loſt the power of ſpeech, and bewailed his misfortune. The phyſicians, who were called in to his aſſiſtance, preſcribed medicines; which he declined to take. He went to ſee Aurelia, but ſtill explained himſelf by ſigns only. He often put his hand upon his heart, and pointed to her fine eyes as the cauſe of his malady. Aurelia did not appear to be touched with his ſituation; ſhe ordered him not to ſee her more. Mournful he departed for France. Francis I. having by that time recovered his liberty, Beauregard was known to him when he appeared at court. Francis, who eſteemed him, ſent his own phyſician to attend him; who preſcribed ſeveral remedies. He feigned to liſten to them; but as he was not cured, empirics began to offer their aſſiſtance;—but he behaved to them as he had done to regular phyſicians, and all their efforts were vain. At laſt a ſtranger lady arrived, who boaſted of being poſſeſſed of powerful ſecrets in the medical art, preſented herſelf before Francis, as a woman who had performed extraordinary cures, who had even reſtored the dead to life, as Molier ſays. Her beauty ſurpriſed that monarch who was by no means an enemy to beautiful women. He commanded Beauregard to be brought; who was no leſs ſtruck than his majeſty at the ſight of this fair empiric. "To ſhew you (ſaid ſhe to the King) what is the virtue I poſſeſs, I will effect the cure by a ſingle word. "Speak!" (ſaid ſhe to Beauregard.) The tongue of the Cavalier was untied. It was Aurelia herſelf! who being now convinced of the ſincerity of her lover, judged that he was in every reſpect deſerving of her love; which ſhe conferred upon him with equal ſincerity.—Theſe two lovers recounted their hiſtory to the King, the concluſion of which was a marriage, that gave as univerſal ſatisfaction to the King, and his court, as to the parties themſelves.

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A SHOPKEEPER wrote his ſiſter an account of the death of their parent, thus: "Our aged father died yeſterday of an *aſſortment* of diſorders."

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